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THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, publish any correspondence or returns of correspondence, or any record of manuscripts or letters, of whatever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Any such letter or manuscript will be returned.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Our advice to the friends of the third ticket: "Don't."

Now the straw ballot fund gets in his deadly work on railroad trains and ocean steamships.

There is a notable absence of wild interest over the approaching end of the baseball season.

Five weeks from to-morrow this country will once again be saved by the votes of its free sons.

VANDENBERG'S sunken yacht Alva is dangerous to navigation, and if not promptly raised should be blown up.

Respect for the Sunday Excise law cannot be cultivated by detectives' disreputable ways of seeking to enforce it.

Another trusted clerk has gone wrong and the familiar cry of fast living offers an explanation, but not an excuse, for his downfall.

Yesterday was in truth a perfect Fall day, the recollections of which are somewhat marred by the unusual number of crimes reported in this morning's papers.

Labor Commissioner Price will soon publish an addition to his report. It is to be hoped he has taken an elementary course in mathematics since his weird figures of a few weeks ago.

SULLIVAN talks of challenging CONSTITUTION AGAIN. Before getting in too deep the champion should make sure that it isn't a fatal curiosity which possesses him to find out just what it was that hit him.

Would it not be a good idea for the National Committee to assign Eastern speakers to the West and Western speakers to the East? One-half could then learn how the other half lives, politically speaking.

In addition to giving all the news of the day THE EVENING WORLD contains more special features for home reading than any other evening paper in the city. It is a newspaper for the family and the fireside.

Now Republicans report accuses FORKES of a plot to throw Ohio to CLEVELAND. Some of the Buckeye leaders, who thought to silence the Fire Alarm may yet have cause to realize how very loudly it can strike on occasion.

Chili may send the Captain Prat to take part in the naval manoeuvres at New York in the Spring. Much more pleasant visit to the Atlantic coast than it seemed possible the Chinaman could make to the Pacific coast, a few months ago.

A Sheriff's well-aimed bullet has cut off the leader of the famous Cooley gang in the lower Pennsylvania mountains. It is not pleasant to chronicled even enforced death, but it is well that when a man has to shoot in the name of the law he should do it with as true a hand as this officer displayed. The dead Cooley lived by violence, and by violence has died. It ought to be easier to take care of his now decapitated body of outlaws.

Dr. J. H. Dorcas has died in Washington, and almost in destitution. He took his health and ruined his once extensive practice by six months of straining, constant effort at the bedside of the country's dying hero, GRANT. During that time his name was on every one's lips, but GRANT died, and DOUGLAS straightway passed out of mind until now, when his own death recalls him to the treacherous memory of the Republic. Yet there has not been a natural enough forgetfulness in this, it has been a natural enough forgetting in the whirl of events.

JUDGE GRESHAM'S DISAFFECTION. Judge Walter Q. Gresham's withdrawal from his hitherto earnest support of Republican principles and standard-bearers is an event of marked interest and significance in the present National campaign. It ought to be so at any time, for the act is that of a man who has not only made and maintained a high and wide reputation for deep sincerity and simple probity, but who has also earned a place among the highest in party considerations and counsel.

Some years ago Judge Gresham was prominently mentioned as one likely to secure the chief prize of party preference—the nomination to the Presidency. Leaders turned to him as to a man whom they knew the people would trust. And he proved how well the trust of the people was placed by refusing, on the highest possible grounds, to allow himself to be considered in the proposed relation. His sense of the proprieties of his judicial office was stronger than whatever temptation he felt to seize the glittering bait held before him.

Judge Gresham is not a "practical politician," as judged by the standards of "practical politics." He had the courage twice to refuse appointments to high Federal office when he believed that some influence which he could not give out of his own stern conviction of duty would be expected of him in the proffered positions. When a man like this withdraws from the party to which he has long given his allegiance, it is more than ordinary desertion. It shows not necessarily that he has changed his faith, but that he has lost faith in his party. He can, perhaps, echo the words of another prominent Republican whose disaffection was lately reported. "It is not I who have changed," said this one. "It is the party."

RECIPROCITY DEFATED. It is reported that Great Britain, Germany and Italy have united in a demand on San Domingo to respect their treaty rights, which guarantee them all the advantages of the most favored nation.

There is every reason to believe that the report is true. One of the most common clauses in commercial treaties is a stipulation of this kind, and it is very likely that it is to be found in the treaties which are now brought forward.

This means mischief for the much-vaunted reciprocity agreements of the Harrison Administration. If San Domingo had no right to give us exclusive privileges of commerce, it knocks a great hole in the reciprocity scheme. If one treaty is worthless, all are probably worthless, and our great increase of trade becomes a "barren reality."

Does not this pull out a strong prop from under the Republican platform?

ONE DAY'S BUDGET. On a single page of one of the morning papers this morning appear the following headlines relating to crimes and criminal incidents in and near this city:

"Attacked with an Axe." "Victim Dead, Slayer at Large." "Jealous. He Attempted Murder." "Mrs. Merito's Fatal Injuries." "Three Heads Laid Open." "Quarrel Ends in Murder." "Her Kick Caused His Death." "Slashed with a Razor." "His Skull Was Fractured." "Slashed by a Highwayman." "Was Reese Murdered in New York?" "Girls Fight in the Street."

For one day's budget of criminal items such a record is certainly appalling. It suggests the imperative necessity of strict enforcement of the law.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE. Another man's etiquette is a dangerous thing to fool with. If you see him performing repeated surgical operations on his esophagus while in the act of shoveling squash pie into his system with a case-knife, admire his intrepidity if you will, but, all the same, look on in silence and shiver in seclusion. If he blows his nose or lets his coffee simmer in his saucer, or ties his napkin twice around his neck, or puts mustard on his pounds, let the eccentricity pass without comment. Take warning from the terrible mistake made by an unaccustomed exponent of table etiquette in Passaic, N. J., yesterday.

At a dinner given there to celebrate the bare-breath escape from microbes and bacilli of some Russo immigrants, ANTONIO SHKROW charged MICHAEL POSKI with drinking from a finger-bowl. Poski said he didn't and grew very red in his remarks. A row was the result, and Poski stabbed Shkrow with a fork. Now, he probably sorry he spoke. The stab may not kill him, but the awful waste of effort he accomplished in trying to tell Poski how to eat and drink according to Hoyle must end in shattering his constitution.

Seeing a fellow-being drink from a finger-bowl was bad enough, but a man of Shkrow's sensitive nerves must have shuddered when that same fellow creature used a fork in a personal affray, when he ought to have gone for his opponent's gravy with a dessert-spoon or a silver plated nut-picker. And so, Shkrow very properly shakes with an epithetical chillie he sadly remarks that the use of the fork in the manner described was frightfully "bad form," solar as he was concerned at least.

An editor out in Kansas has discovered that the fusion movement in his State "was called into existence and is controlled by selfish office-seekers, dominated more by their hope of selfish gain than by a desire for the triumph of the party." Any Democrat who has lived in the hope of the triumph of his party in Kansas has had mighty poor living, and is not to be blamed for trying to get even with the enemy, even if it is by fusion.

A Sheriff's well-aimed bullet has cut off the leader of the famous Cooley gang in the lower Pennsylvania mountains. It is not pleasant to chronicled even enforced death, but it is well that when a man has to shoot in the name of the law he should do it with as true a hand as this officer displayed. The dead Cooley lived by violence, and by violence has died. It ought to be easier to take care of his now decapitated body of outlaws.

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JUDGE GRESHAM'S DISAFFECTION. Judge Walter Q. Gresham's withdrawal from his hitherto earnest support of the occasion, as it is something entirely novel as an adjunct to a public parade. Director Robert H. Mooneygan of the Manhattan Atheneum, New York, is the chairman of the committee having this part of the celebration in charge.

Speaking of tricyclists, can anything be more ridiculous than the appearance made by "scorers"? Real or imagined, who may even live days on an iron road beat nearly double on their machines spinning as others depend upon them, and thus gain a positive agony on themselves. Such a road driving is not only absurd but casts reflection in which men generally as the natural conclusion to men like—"Well, if that is the famous 'sport' of bicycling, I want none of it."

I see that the Orpheus Society has started in for the coming season with an active membership increased and strengthened, and under the able conductorship of Mr. Arthur Meiss. It ought to do some brilliant work this winter. The concerts of the last season gave evidence of care and thorough training, and were not surpassed in artistic merit to those of any similar organization in this vicinity.

15.255.89 for Sick Babies. The Sick Babies Fund is now \$15,255.89. Since the last report made in these columns it has been added by four little girls of Cranford, N. J. They are Mabel De Arcos, Florence Beale, Isabella Flannery and Gladys Jones, and they raised the money by giving a tableau entertainment in their home city.

Postal Employees' Big Fair. During the week commencing Nov. 12 the employees of the Post Office will hold a big fair in Madison Square Garden for the purpose of raising \$10,000 for a pension fund. It promises to rival the Adlers' fund fair in interest.

At Newport. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

"I wonder how it is Mrs. North is so fond of the sea." She says she can't stand admiring it—especially when it is rough. "I don't like it because every wave has a crest on it. You know how we adults appreciate that kind of thing."

Powerful Cigars. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

A VISITS B.—Who offers a cigar.

A.—But, my dear friend, how can you possibly offer a cigar to a woman?

B.—They are the best cigars that are made. As soon as I light one my mother-in-law skips out of the room.

Reliable. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

Ethel—I heard last night that George was head over heels in love with me.

Mrs. KNOW—You can't believe all you hear.

Ethel—No, but I shouldn't wonder if there was something in it.

Mrs. KNOW—Who told you?

Our Servants. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

"It is dreadful, Maria, that you always will have the last word."

"Please, ma'am, how am I to know that you give nothing more to say?"

Hard Up. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

Student (to creditor who has hunted him up in his diggings)—so now I still owe you five shillings. I am sorry I cannot give it to you in cash, but here are a pair of pants that are well worth at least eight shillings. Can you give me the change out?"

A Man of Expediency. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

"My dear Baron, what ever are you doing? Smoking a couple of cigs at once?"

You see, my friend, in this benighted hole there are no cigars to be gotten at so cheap as such as I smoke, so I am compelled to smoke a couple together at five and six pence."

Every One in His Turn. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

Lady of the House—Hasn't the newspaper come yet, Lettie? My husband has been asking for it several times.

Servant Maid—He can have it in a minute, ma'am. I've got as far as the supplement.

Overboard the Tram. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

Old Lady—it appears they are going to open a cemetery.

Student—In fact, they have offered an annuity of \$100 francs to the firemen.

Old Lady—That will come to somebody who has more money than he has.

Old Lady—What would you do if you were given this sum?

Old Lady—If you don't read them, we are always glad to have them visit us.

There are the Health Protective Society ladies, for instance, who graze our office with their sunshiny presence occasionally.

Smart—You are to hear them talk about house-keeping, the proximity of dumping grounds and ditches, and the inferiority of apple skins and wood ashes.

There isn't anybody this side of the Chicago stock yards who can hold a candle to them.

Aside from having neat and nice ways of disposing of rotten and garbage topics, they have nice little dresses, pretty bonnets and rather bad pencils and notebooks. We are always charmed by their personal appearance that we forget a good many things they say.

The Superintendent said that many of the asphalt-paved streets in the crowded sections of the city had been washed, but that it was not deemed wise to turn the trees on the paved streets, for the reason that the water would puddle among the cobblestones which were not dry, so removing the asphalt was under consideration, that Superintendent would not be able to get a grant of money for the paving of the streets for a year to come, and that the Department had only \$100,000 left in its treasury.

He is a fellow-being drink from a finger-bowl was bad enough, but a man of Shkrow's sensitive nerves must have shuddered when that same fellow creature used a fork in a personal affray, when he ought to have gone for his opponent's gravy with a dessert-spoon or a silver plated nut-picker. And so, Shkrow very properly shakes with an epithetical chillie he sadly remarks that the use of the fork in the manner described was frightfully "bad form," solar as he was concerned at least.

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Article of Merit. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

and with whom he is in his family have been similarly treated, and whose commendation may serve to extend those benefits to others increasing their confidence. My wife has for many years been a student from sever-

Nervous Headache. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

for which she found little help, the last

many things that have proved well, but performed little. Last autumn she had a severe attack of nervous headache, which was

more than a month in duration, and

she was unable to sleep at night, and

was unable to get up in the morning,

and was forced to remain in bed all day.

She has also been weaker. From our expe-

rience with her we

Hood's Sarsaparilla. (From Brooklyn Daily.)

There is no substitute in its merits.

A. Williams, Lynn, Mass.

For the Good of Others.

Rev. Mr. Williams Heartily Endorses Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We are pleased to present this from Rev. A. A. Williams, of the Sunday School Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.

"Dear Sirs—Why should we speak, should hesitate to approve an

Article of Merit.

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been similarly treated,